



over all this may be, such seems to be the spirit of the  
rivalry of our country, where whipping half-naked  
prisoners is esteemed a most gallant thing, and an excel-  
lent jest. Says the Richmond Republican :

*Stone Tossers*.—Elizabeth Roberts and her daughter  
Elizabeth, were once decently striped, the mother getting  
fifteen, and the daughter twenty, for throwing stones at  
Jewney Buck. The doctor says small, but may probably  
have the effect of reducing their humps of comeliness  
if not, the same physician will again be called in.  
Undoubtedly similar remedies applied to the

**The Blood-hound Letter!**

Whether Gen. Tayler is to be the next President, or even the candidate for that office, is not yet decided, but he has one title to the highest station in the land, and that is, he is the blood-hound.

people which should not be forgotten. The gift of  
owing letter should be widely circulated. The fol-  
lowing was hunted up by somebody from the Washington  
Daily Globe, of February 18th, 1840, where it appears  
under the head of "In Senate, February 17th, 1840,"  
among communications from J. R. Poinsett, Secretary of  
War, to Hon. T. H. Benton, *Chairman of the Committee*  
on Military Affairs, to which were referred the memorials  
on the subject of employing bloodhounds in the Seminole  
war. It is a remarkable letter, and proves as much as  
anything we have ever seen, Gen. Taylor's right to the  
title of "Rough and Ready."

HEAD QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE SOUTH,  
Fort Brook, July 28, 1839 }

SIR—I have the honor to enclose you a communication,  
this moment received, on the subject of securing  
bloodhounds from the Island of Cuba, to aid in our  
operations against the Indians.

ally in *favor of the measure, and even leave again to argue the point, as the only means of ridding the country of the Indians, whom we have broken up into small parties that the Indians, swamps and hammocks as the army approach, make sheltering it impossible for them to follow or overtake them without the aid of such auxiliaries.*

Should this measure meet the approbation of the War Department, and the necessary authority be given, I will prepare a correspondence on the subject with Mr. Everett, Secretary of the War Department, and Mr. C. S. Taylor, Quartermaster, and will authorize him, in the name of the War Department, to employ a few dogs, with persons who understand their management.

I wish it distinctly understood, that my object in this correspondence is only to ascertain whether the Indians can be found, not to worry them. (*Laughter*)

I have the honour to be, to your obedient servant,

(Signed) B. GR. GEN. U. S. A. TAYLOR,

TO GEN. R. JONES, Washington, D. C.

Tender-hearted General! He wished it "distinctly understood," that he does not propose actually to make dog-meat of the vile savages who, contrary to all the rules of civilized warfare, would hide in swamps and hammocks when an army was at their heels. It was for no such purpose he wanted the dogs, whatever the dogs themselves might see fit to do. He only proposed to

track the perverse red-men, and runaway "niggers," to their hiding-places, that his soldiers might shoot them.

their leisure, provided,—he meant doubtless—the dogs should leave anything to shoot. Farther than that, he wished it “distinctly understood,” he did not propose to involve either himself or the Government in responsibility. But if the hounds, according to the bloodhound’s nature and training, *would* tear the game to pieces—it should

be "distinctly understood" that such a course was entirely contrary to the "object" of General Taylor. Generous "Rough and Ready"! Humane "Old Zach!"

The following is the Memorial of the New England Yearly Meeting, the debate upon which, in Congress, we published last week :

*To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled :*

The memorial of the Representatives of the Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends respectfully sheweth—

That your memorialists regard with deep regret and sorrow, the existence and continuance of the war between the North and the South.

We are not insensible of the importance and responsibility of appearing as petitioners before the constituted

authorities of our country, but we are constrained under a deep sense of the unrighteous, new and vast practical evils inseparably connected with war, again earnestly to solicit your serious attention to it.

It is our sincere belief, we are convinced that all wars and fighting are contrary to the spirit and precepts of the Gospel of Christ, and are forbidden to Christians; they are aware that circumstances sometimes attend the prosecution thereof, which may much increase their calamities. How far the war in which this country is now engaged with Mexico, partakes of this character, it may not appear to us in thus memorializing you to decide. But in addition to the many thousands of Mexican, among whom are great numbers of women and helpless children, who have fallen on the field of battle or in the capture of cities, is the fearful fact that the lives of thousands of our fellow citizens have also been sacrificed in this strife, increasing in no small degree the number of the

Nor can we but deplore the circumstance that our own citizens now compose an invading army within the acknowledged territory of a neighboring nation toward whom this country has heretofore been on terms of amity and peace. And your memorialists would earnestly and humbly beseech the Representatives of the nation to *calmly to take into consideration* the responsibility of your present position.

And they earnestly desire that in your deliberations upon this momentous subject, you may be directed by that wisdom which has for its own the things which are good, and as we would have they should be willing to adopt measures for the speedy termination of this war, and to have their retrospect after days may afford to you the retrospect of having faithfully discharged your duty to yourselves, to your country, and your God.

SAMUEL BOYCE, Clerk.

PROVIDENCE, R. I. 4th day of the 1st month.

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*The Whigs and the War.*

MR. PALFREY has given another proof in the House of his determined opposition to the war, and his resolute

tion to do all in his power to put an end to it, whether his party support him or not. On Thursday last he asked leave to offer the following Resolution, but without success :

Resolved, (as the sense of this House.) That the war now waging by the United States against the Republic of Mexico ought forthwith to cease.

Resolved (as the sense of this House,) That such an amount of money, and no more, ought to be placed at the disposal of the Executive Government, for the land and naval forces of this Republic now within the territory and on the coasts of Mexico, as will be a sufficient and liberal provision for the return of said forces to the

As a fit commentary on this only sensible, manly, and true course for the party to take that professes to be opposed to the war, immediately afterward the Loan Bill came up for discussion, and was passed as follows, by a

Be it enacted, &c. That the President of the United States be and he is hereby authorized, at any time within one year from the passage of this act, to borrow, on the credit of the United States, a sum not exceeding sixteen millions of dollars, or so much thereof as in his opinion the exigencies of the Government may require, at a rate of interest not exceeding six per centum per annum, payable quarterly or semi-annually; which loan shall be reimbursable at any time after twenty years from the first day of July next after the passage of this act; and said money, so borrowed, shall, on being first duly appropriated therefor, be applied, in addition to the money now in the Treasury, or which may be received therein, toward the payment of the public expenses.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That the Secretary of the Treasury be and he is hereby authorized, with the consent of the President of the United States, to cause to be prepared certificates of stock, which shall be signed by the Register of the Treasury, and sealed with the seal of the same, to be borrowed from other sources, to defray any or may be hereafter incurred, which have been heretofore or may be hereafter incurred by law; and the stock issued on such loan shall be transferable on the books of the Treasury.

the Treasury Department, for the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ interest as aforesaid, or any part thereof, bearing \_\_\_\_\_ and transferable \_\_\_\_\_ exceed six per centum per annum, and to cause such certificate and reimbursable as aforesaid, and to cause such certificate \_\_\_\_\_ and reimbursable as aforesaid, That no part of \_\_\_\_\_ of stock to be sold: *Provided*, That no part of \_\_\_\_\_ stock be sold below par: And provided also, That \_\_\_\_\_ whenever required to do so, the Secretary of the Treasury \_\_\_\_\_ shall cause to be attached to any certificate or certificates \_\_\_\_\_ be issued under this act coupons of interest; and any \_\_\_\_\_ certificate, having such coupons of interest attached to the certificate \_\_\_\_\_

may be transferable by delivery of the certificate, instead of being assignable on the books of the Treasury, and that no certificate of stock shall be issued for a less amount than fifty dollars.

the Treasury be and he is hereby authorized to make proposals for the taking of such loan or any part thereof; and that before disposing of the said stock



## Poetry.

From the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.  
FOR A SLAVE CHAPEL AT CAPE TOWN.

BY JAMES MONROE.

Africa, from her remotest strand,  
Lifts to high heaven one fettered hand;  
And to the utmost of her chain  
Stretches the other, o'er the main;  
Then kneeling midst ten thousand slaves,  
She sends a cry across the waves,  
Of power to reach to either pole,  
And pierce, like conscience, through the soul,  
Though dreary, faint, and low the sound,  
Like life-blood gurgling from a wound;  
As if her heart, before it broke,  
Had found a human tongue and spoke.

"Britain, dost thou not ask of thee  
Freedom, the right of bond and free;  
Let Mammon hold, while Mammon can,  
The bones and blood of living man;  
Let tyrants scorn, while tyrants dare,  
The shrieks and whinnies of despair;  
An end will come—it will not wait:  
Bands, yokes, and scourges have their date:  
Slavery itself shall pass away,  
And be a tale of yesterday.

"But now I urge a dearer claim;  
I urge it in a mightier name;  
Hope of the world on thee I call,  
By the great Father of us all,  
By the Redeemer of our race,  
And by the Spirit of all grace,  
Turn not, O turn not from my plea,  
—So help thee God, as thou help'st me.

"Mine outcast offspring, come to light  
From darkness, and go down to night;  
A night of more mysterious gloom  
Than that which wrapped them in the womb.  
—O that the womb had been the grave  
Of every being born a slave!

O that the grave itself might close  
The slave's unutterable woe!  
But what beyond that gulf may be,  
What portion in eternity,  
For those who live to curse their breath,  
And die without a hope in death,  
I know not, and I dare not think;  
Yet while I shudder o'er the brink  
Of that unfathomable deep  
In which Heaven's secret judgments sleep,  
To 'see, thou Paradise of smiles!  
Where Mercy in full glory smiles;  
Eden of lands! o'er all the rest,  
By blessing others doubly blest,  
Send me the Gospel, or I die;  
The word of Christ's salvation give,  
That I though dead, may hear and live."

\* These very excellent lines were written in the Album of the Rev. Barnabas Shaw, missionary to South Africa; a document which contains the autographs of individuals friendly to the cause of missions, and an entry of subscriptions towards the erection of a chapel at Cape Town. The introduction to the Album states, that there were then (1829) in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, sixty thousand heathens and Mohammedans, ten thousand slaves in Cape Town, and thirty thousand in the colony.

From the Evening Post.

## PICTURES OF MEMORY.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

Among the beautiful pictures  
That hang on Memory's wall,  
Is one of a dim old forest,  
That seems best of all.  
Not for its ancient oaks, or  
Dark with the mistletoe,  
Not for the violets golden,  
That sprinkle the vale below;  
Not for the milk-white lilies,  
That lean from the fragrant hedge,  
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,  
And stealing their golden edge;  
Not for the vines on the upland,  
Where the bright red berries rest,  
Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip,  
It seems to me the best.

I once had a little brother,  
With eyes that were dark and deep—  
In the lap of that old forest  
He lie in peace asleep;  
Light as the down of the thistle,  
Free as the winds that blow,  
We roved there, the beautiful summer,  
The summers of long ago;  
But his feet on the hills grew weary,  
And, one of the autumn eves,  
I made for my little brother  
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded  
My neck in a meek embrace,  
As the light of immortal beauty  
Silently covered his face.  
And when the arrows of sunset  
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,  
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,  
Asleep by the gates of light.  
Therefore, of all the pictures  
That hang on Memory's wall,  
The one of the dim old forest  
Seemeth the best of all.

MT. HEALTHY, Ohio.

## Miscellany.

The following Review of Lowell's last volume of Poems is from "Holden's Dollar Magazine," a new periodical just established in this city, and judging from this "specimen brick" of a better quality than the ordinary cheap magazines which we are in the habit of seeing. The Review is not so full and analytical as we would have been glad to see, yet being the best that we have yet seen, we copy it as being the nearest approach to what we would have seen had we had a review ourselves.

Boston, B. B. Mus-  
1848.

We believe the third volume of Poems which Mr. Lowell has published; the first volume, quaintly called "A Year's Life," although giving evidence of genius in the author, of a high order, hardly promised the rich and varied beauties which have been so profusely displayed in the succeeding volumes. Mr. Lowell, although still on the fair side of thirty, is a recognized Poet, both in England and America; but still we do not think that he has had the high position awarded him which he is destined to take among the great Poets who have written in the English tongue; he is peculiarly an American Poet, if there can be such a thing as local merit in that which is of such universal acceptance as genuine poetry. His freedom of spirit, and greatness of thought, we take pride in as the offspring of an American education, and of American institutions. Truths are, to be sure, always great, let them be uttered where, or where, or by whom they may, and the grand democratic thoughts which appear in *Æchylus* and *Milton*, are the common property of all true souls; yet there must be a pervading tone of national feeling in the writings of all original authors, although their subjects and their thoughts be of universal extent.

Many of Mr. Lowell's short Poems abound in lo-

cal allusions and names familiar to us; but these mere husks do not give the Poems a national character; there is the indomitable "go-ahead" American spirit in the volume, which none but the descendant of Puritan ancestors, who had been educated and fostered among the institutions which those brave old heroes transmitted to us, could have infused into his verses. Milton was an Englishman, as Wordsworth is, Beranger a Frenchman, Burns a Scotchman, and Lowell an American. Yet they are poets for all men and for all time, notwithstanding. There are none of the littlenesses of local prejudices in their verses, but they abound in the sweet home-feelings and particular attachments which all men of genuine natures must have.

The first Poem in the volume before us is called *Columbus*; it has never before been published, and of itself make the author famous, if he had written nothing besides; it is a soliloquy. *Columbus* is supposed to be alone on the deck of his vessel, the day before his great discovery was made, which rendered his name immortal. The subject is not one that a man of feeble powers would select. Our poet knew his own strength, and he has proved himself worthy of the bold attempt to give utterance to the thoughts which swelled in the heart of the great navigator at that trying period of his eventful life.

To the man who has ever known high purposes, or looked forward to the performance of his highest destiny as a labourer in his "Great Task-Master's Eye," and has in himself what the poet meant when he said, "Such harmony is in immortal souls,"—to such a man *Columbus* will prove a feast, and to the so-over-informed with thought as to serve for fuller meals for many a reading, and will repay the love it must inspire in every breast that has been the home of the Great Poet's thoughts. But this is to be seen by the shallow man, until the judicious few have given their sanction, and sealed it with their names, as rest assured they will in good time. The first passage may demand several readings to come clearly out, (as do many of the fine passages of Shakespeare and Byron,) but several readings (with a reasonable portion of brains,) will do it, when it will be found full as an eminent surge, and prepare the way for what follows:

If the chosen soul could never be alone  
In the mid-summer, open door to God,  
No greatness ever had been dreamed of done;  
Among dull hearts a prophet never grew;  
The nurse of full-grown souls is solitude.

Read this.

Here am I; for what end God knows, not I;  
Westward still points the inexorable soul;  
Here am I, with no friend but the sea and sea,  
The beating heart of this great enterprise,  
Which, without me, would still strive in sweet death;  
This have I missed on, since mine eye could fleet.  
Among the stars distinguish and with joy  
Rest on that God-ford Pharos of the north,  
In some blue gleam of heaven's light  
That just far out into the upper sea;  
To this one hope my heart hath clung for years,  
As would a founding for the talisman  
Hung round his neck by hands he knew not whose.  
A poor, vile thing and dress to all beside,  
Yet he therein can feel a virtue left.  
By the sad pressure of a mother's hand,  
And unto him it still is tremulous  
With palpitating haste and wet with tears,  
The key to him of hope and humanness,  
The coarse shell of life's pearl expectancy.

And this.

And not the pines alone; all sights and sounds  
To my world-seeking heart beat fealty,  
And catered for it as the Cretan bees  
Brought honey to the baby Jupiter,  
Who in his soft hand crushed a violet  
Goddess forming the rough thunder's gripe  
Then did I entertain the poet's song,  
My great idea's guest, and, passing o'er  
That iron bridge the Tuscan boat to hell,  
I heard Ulysses tell of mountain-chains  
Whose adamant links his manacles,  
The western main shook and heaved and still gazed;  
I brooded on the wise Athenian's tale  
Of happy Atlantis, and heard Bjorne's keel  
Crash on the grey pebbles of the Vinland shore.

Far on I see my life-long enterprise,  
Which rose like Ganeg's mid the freezing snows  
Of a world's soridness, sweep broadening down,  
And, gathering to itself a thousand streams,  
Grow sacred ere it mingle with the sea;  
I see the uncaged wall of chaos old,  
With blocks Cyclopean hewn of solid night,

Read it all, and see and feel for yourself. Then pass over many years, leaves in silence until you reach the lines, "To the Past." Gather up your reins, and drive your noiseless chariot through it, and see the dim, grim, shadowy images—Egypt.

"Half woman and half beast,"  
"Titanic shapes with faces blank and dun,  
Of their old god-head torn,  
With—

"The eternal sorrow  
In their unannounced eyes—  
And then if all this bring no more to you than  
"Wraiths of ships  
"On the mirage's Ocean.

Go down yourself in its sublime waves  
"Of upheaving melody."

"No! no! 'rown yourself. 'Drown cats and puppies,' you may be useful; but do not presume to read such things as the world has not yet taken to its heart. Shakespeare will be good reading for you; there are no two opinions on the subject of his merits, and you can sit down under his vine and fig-tree—safe from distracting doubts, and misspent time, and all that.

If, on the other hand, the images are so grand and impressive—if they be so far removed from all personality as to make you wonder where he, (the poet,) got the thoughts, and to doubt if he have not borrowed other men's goods; take it and ride by side, with other lines to the past, in our language, and see if the difference be not more than the resemblances, and the grandeur more than either.

## TO THE PAST.

Wond'rous and awful are thy silent halls,  
O kingdom of the past!  
There lie the by-gone ages in their palis,  
Guarded by shadows vast—  
There all is hushed and breathless,  
Save when some faint old idyll  
Earth worshipped once as deities.

There sits drear Egypt, 'mid beleaguering sands,  
Half woman and half beast,  
The burnt-out torch of her mouldering hands  
That once lit all the East;  
A dotard bleared and hoary,  
There Asen crouches o'er the blackened brands  
Of Asia's long-quenched glory.

Still as a city buried 'neath the sea,  
Thy courts and temples stand;  
Idle as forms on wind-waved tapestry  
Of saints and heroes grand,  
Thy phantasms grope and shiver,  
Or watch the lone shores crumbling silently  
Into Time's gnawing river.

Titanic shapes with faces blank and dun,  
Of their old god-head torn,  
Gaze on the embers of the smitten sun,  
Which they misdeem for moon;  
And yet the eternal sorrow  
In their unannounced eyes says it is done  
Without the hope of morrow.

O realm of silence and swart eclipse,  
The shapes that haunt thy gloom  
Make signs to us and move their withered lips  
Across the gulfs of gloom  
Yet all their sound and motion  
Bring no more freight to us than wraiths of ships  
On the mirage's ocean.

And if sometimes a moaning wadereth  
From out thy desolate halls,  
If some grim shadow of thy living death  
Across our sunshine falls  
And scares the world to error,  
The eternal life sends forth melodious breath  
To chase the misty terror.

Thy mighty clannish wars, and world-noised deeds  
Are silent now in dust,  
Gone like the reeds of the bubbling reeds  
Beneath some sudden gust;  
Thy forms and creeds have vanished,  
Tossed out to wither like unsightly weeds  
From the world's garden banished.

Whatever of true life there was in thee,  
Leaps in our age's veins;  
Wield still thy bent and wrinkled empery,  
And adding tone of national feeling in the writings of all original authors, although their subjects and their thoughts be of universal extent.

Here, 'mid the black waves of our strife and care,  
Float the great Phos of the Nile,  
Where all thy life's spirit, well, and share,  
The present we are, and the past we are,  
With all of brave, and excellent, and fair,  
That made the old time splendid.

Then turn to the "Chronicle of the Legend," page 68, "A Fragment," but very one; it is such a fragment as the Venus of Milo—see how

From the pine-trees gathering a sombre hue  
And if

Standing spear-straight in the waist-deep moss,  
Its bony ribs clutching around, and across,  
As if they would tear up earth's heart in their grasp;  
Ere the storm could uproot them or make them unclasp;  
The lady's hand, as with the pine,  
The lady's hand, as with the pine,  
The lady's hand, as with the pine,  
The lady's hand, as with the pine,

"To shrink snow-bearded sea-kings old sons of the brine!"

If all this seems crowded too full of images—remember that it is the "Growth of the Legend,"—then perhaps you will learn that it should be so crowded, breathing of legends—as the pine was crowded full of Spring, Summer, Fall, Winter—and then

Though I were sunn under Venice's moon-light of gold,  
You would hear the old voice of its mother, the pine,  
Murmur sea-like and Northern through every line,  
And the verses should hang, self-sustained and free,  
Like the vibrating stem of the melody,  
Like the lute-steepled limbs of the parent tree.

Yes, the pine is the mother of legends; what food  
For their grim roots is left when the thousand-year'd

The dim-arched cathedral, whose tall arches spring  
Light, snowy, graceful, firm-set as the wing  
From Michael's white shoulder—its brown and defaced  
By iconoclast axes in desperate waste,  
And its walls, like the wings of its wings, all propitied long,  
Cassandra-like, crooning its mystic song;  
Then the legends go with them—even yet on the sea  
A wild wraith is left in the touch of the tree,  
And the sailor's mist watches are thrilled to the core  
With the lineal offspring of Odin and Thor.

Yes, wherever the pine-wood has ever let in,  
Since the day of creation, the light and the din  
Of manifold life, has safely conveyed  
From the midnight primeval's awful of shade,  
And has kept the wiser past with its mass alive;  
Within sound of the hum of To-day's busy hive,  
Tear the legend takes root in the age-gathered gloom,  
And its murmurous boughs for their losing find room.

Where Aroostook, far-held, seems to sob as he goes  
Groping down to the sea 'neath his mountainous snows;  
Where the lake's fore Sahara of never-tracked white,  
When the crack shivers across it, complains in the night,  
With a long, lonely moan, that leagues onward to light,  
As the ice shivers away from the foot of the tree;  
Where the lumberer sits by the log-fire, which throw  
Their own threat'ning shadows far round o'er the snow,  
When the wolf howls aloof, and the wailing pine  
Flashes out from the blackness the eyes of the bear,  
When the wood's hush recesses, half-lighted, supply  
A canvas where the wiser past with its mass alive;  
Blotting in giant horrors that venture not to sleep,  
Through the right-angled streets of the brick, white-  
washed town,

But skulk in the depths of the measureless wood  
Mid the dark's creeping whispers that curdle the blood,  
When the eye, glanced in dread o'er the shoulder, may  
Glimpse  
Ere it shrinks to the camp-fire's companioning gleam,  
That it saw the fierce ghost of the Red Man crouch  
back

To the shroud of the tree trunk's inevitable black;  
There the old shapes crowd thick round the pine-sha-  
dowed camp,  
Which shun the keen gleam of the scholarly lamp,  
And the seed of the legend find true Norland ground,  
While the border-tell's told and the canteen pipe round.

This is, perhaps, the greatest Poem of all that the book contains; and truly and vigorously transplants the Norland legend on our shores, and long may it last, and wide may its "cloudy boughs" wave over us, with its wild suggestiveness, its nerve, its unimpeachable power of expression, and its high imagination.

It is, may be, and most likely is, pieces, many others, from which the ordinary reader may gather more from this great Poem; for though the book contains not exactly any "milk for babes," there are many others "meat for man." In witness whereof—"Extreme Unction"—which we lack space to copy; we will also indicate for the reader, three Poems which go to the heart of all who, in the love of nature, hold communion with their God, and "To a Pine Tree," "The Oak," and "The Birch Tree."

We must close our extracts with the "Change-ling," a Poem as full of sweetness and real human feeling as any that we have ever read.

(This has already appeared in the Standard.)  
If there be any of our readers who are ignorant of the merits of this truly great Poet, we think that the extracts that we have given of his last volume will fully warrant the high opinion we have expressed of him, and which we as honestly and sincerely entertain as we do our admiration of Shakespeare or Milton. Lowell has that compass of fancy, richness of imagination, richness of language, depth of thought, and simplicity of feeling, which distinguish the true poet from the mere artist in metres. He is many-sided, too, like Goethe, and Shakespeare, and Burns, and Milton; his humorous and satirical Poems, published under the name of Hosea Bigelow, have acquired a popularity which no satirical poetry has ever before obtained in this country. The light and playful verses of *Harvard* and *even now unknown in England*; but the incomparable satires of *Hosea Bigelow* which have been copied in every paper of the Union, from *Maine* to *Texas*, and have won as much admiration for their wholesome truths as for their playful and rollicking wit, have been almost as extensively copied into English periodicals.

"JOHN P. ROBINSON, he  
Says he won't vote for Governor B."

has become as widely known in two or three months as Hood's Song of the Shirt. In addition to these three volumes of Poems, Mr. Lowell has published a book of conversations on the old English Poets, and for the past three years he has given a new character to the North American Review, by his contributions to that excellent work, which are among the very happiest examples of modern criticism.

Our reviewers have fallen into a vicious habit of imitating the wearisome verbosity of *Macaulay*, without being able to imitate his copiousness of fancy, and his fascinating trick of illustration; but Mr. Lowell's reviews are as unlike those of any English reviewer, as though he were the first of his kind. It can hardly be expected that a true poet could be instantly recognized by the million, but the critics of magazines and newspapers, and at once abandon their old gods and fall down in the presence of a new deity; besides, with the meagre knowledge of the value of a puff to puff one from whom he has no hope of ever receiving a puff in return.

Whoever reads the Poems of Mr. Lowell, sees at once that he is not one of those who can be inveigled into any circle of mutual admirationists, and we were not surprised to find in so pretentious a periodical as the *Literary World*, a review of his last volume, which rather damned the Poet with moderate praise, and affected to give him advice; the *Evening Mirror* contained a similar notice, for it could hardly be called a review; but out in the *Far West*, away from all local prejudices; where the people are a kind of posterity to us of the Atlantic border, we saw in the *Louisville Journal* a series of essays on Lowell's Poems, which showed a just appreciation of their merits, and a becoming reverence for their author.

The reviewer of Lowell in the *Literary World*, says that poetry should be something more than a mere matter of births, deaths, and marriages. But what more can it be? Do not these three words compass everything that is dear to the heart of man, and should poetry express more than a just appreciation of these things, and whose affections should he describe, if not his own? Take the births, deaths, and marriages, from Milton, Burns, and Byron, the records of personal affections, and what would remain? Nothing.

We have given more space to our notice of Lowell's Poems than we shall often give to a new book; but still we have made but an inadequate review

of his volume. In the outset of our Magazine, which we mean to make worthy of the million, we desire to manifest that independence of stereotyped opinions, and give an inkling of the independence of our criticisms which are becoming in a world that appeals to the great body of the people for support. We recognize in the Poems of Lowell the great qualities which our hearts have yearned for in our other poets, and having found them, we should be recreant to ourselves and to the public, if we failed to give utterance to our faith.

From the pine-trees gathering a sombre hue  
And if

We find the following in the London News, respecting this curious and useful article, which has been recently introduced into this country, as an article of manufacture.

This substance is of recent introduction to England, and was brought under the notice of the Society of Arts in the autumn of 1843. The history of its discovery is thus given by Mr. Montgomerie:—"On the 10th of November, 1842, I, on one occasion, observed in the hands of a Malayan woodsman, the handle of a *parang* made of a substance which appeared quite new to me. My curiosity was excited, and on inquiry, I found it was made of the *Gutta Percha*, and that it could be moulded into any form, by simply dipping it into boiling water, and then heated throughout, when it was as plastic as wax, and, when cooled, remained unchanged, its original hardness and rigidity. I immediately possessed myself of the article; and desired the man to fetch me as much more of it as he could get. On making some experiments with it, I at once discovered that, if procurable in large quantities, it would become extensively useful."

The discovery was communicated to the Medical Board of Calcutta, and subsequently to the Society of Arts in London.

Sir W. J. Hooker states the tree from which *Gutta Percha* is procured, to belong to the natural order *sapotaceae*, found in abundance in the Island of Singapore, and in some dense forests at the extremity of the Malayan peninsula. Mr. Brooke reports the tree to be called *Nato* by the Sarawak people, but that he is not acquainted with the properties of the sap; it is a tree of the size of a large apple tree, and its trunk is six feet in diameter; its plentiful is Sarawak, and most probably, all over the Island of Borneo. The tree is stated to be one of the largest in the forests in which it is found. The timber is too loose and open for building purposes; but the tree bears a fruit which yields a concrete oil, used for food.

*Gutta Percha* is contained in the sap and milky juice, which quickly coagulates on exposure to the air; from twenty to thirty pounds being the average produce of one tree. For collecting the sap, the trees are felled, barked, and left dry, and useless, so great is the demand for the *Gutta*, the importation of which already reaches many hundred tons annually. Hence the forests will soon be cleared of the *Gutta* trees; whereas, it is believed that a constant and moderate supply might be secured by incisions in the bark, as in the case of caoutchouc.

The *Gutta* is first received in scraps, or in rolls of thin layers. It is first freed from impurities by deviling or kneading in hot water, when it is left soft and plastic, and of a whitish gray colour.

When thus prepared, the *Gutta* has many curious properties. Below the temperature of 50 degrees, it is as hard as wood, but it will soon receive an indentation from the finger nail. Then softened to the mode of taping the trees and drawing the sap, it is as hard as wood, and it will soon receive an indentation from the finger nail. Then softened to the mode of taping the trees and drawing the sap, it is as hard as wood, and it will soon receive an indentation from the finger nail.

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